

the Azores, he found his little barque in the midst of what seemed a vast green meadow, the sight of which struck terror into the hearts of his seamen. This is what is now named the Saragossa Sea, stretching between the Azores and the Antilles. For three weeks he sailed through this huge floating garden which stretches over twenty-five degrees of latitude, with a varying width of one to three hundred miles. It is formed of the luxuriant growth of these fuci. These pale-green sea-groves, with gold and purple branches interlacing, form long thickets and avenues, through which gaily-painted mollusks and other glittering inhabitants of the deep, chase one another, and where the shark prowls after its prey.

Of the company on board, I am not aware that any one was engaged either in philosophising or poetizing on the wonders and glories of the ocean. We had all nearer and dearer duties to perform. We had our five meals a day to dispose of; we had to dress, chat and make ourselves generally agreeable. Some lingered lovingly over the whist-table, others read light literature, and all gossiped a little. But when the evening came, the song went round, and spiritual visitors from cloudland came and smiled upon us and cheered us with their presence. "Bonnie Annie Laurie" with her gentle smile, her dark blue e'en and her voice so low and sweet, looked in almost in every evening, bringing with her at times the agreeable Widow Macree. The "Maid of Athens," with her glorious, beaming, black eyes, and "Kitty Clyde," arm in arm with her sister, and poor "Nelly Grey," and the blooming, bewitching "Kate Kearney," and "Kathleen Bawn," beloved of Rory O'More, and sweet "Highland Mary," were all frequent and welcome visitors. "The Laird of Cockpen" too, with Mistress Jean on his arm, stepped in occasionally. At times we "meandered" by "the banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon," or over "the green hills of Tyrol," "Rule Britannia" competed with "Here's a health to fair Scotland the land of the brave" and "Hurrah for the Emerald Isle."

Thus gaily we floated onward, with scarce a ripple on the waters, till on the seventh day out, a dark streak on the horizon was pronounced to be land. It proved to be the Isle of Aranmore, on the north-west coast of Ireland, and before us gleamed, through the evening clouds, the hills of the Emerald Isle. Next afternoon, the weather being glorious, we were steaming up the Clyde. A sail up the Clyde, in a bright summer day, is something to be remembered till the close of life. The scene imprints itself ineffaceably on memory's tablets. Perhaps nowhere else is it possible to view, in the course of a few hours, such a variety and succession of magnificent, lovely and romantic scenery.

Every half hour introduces you to new and yet more beautiful views as you ascend. On one hand are dark frowning mountains and castellated shores; on the other richly-cultivated fields and green pastures interspersed with white cottages, farm-houses, princely villas and thriving towns. The bright waters of the frith, white with sail, and alive with the hurrying steam-boats, gleam between the shores. The eye is speedily arrested by the large Island of Arran, twenty miles